

# The Latin School Register

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OCTOBER, 1901

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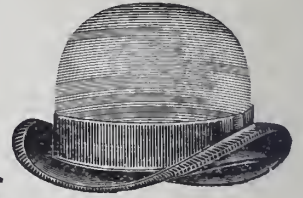
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# Latin School Register

VOLUME XXI., NUMBER 2

OCTOBER, 1901

ISSUED MONTHLY

## R O P R E C H T

Now Roprecht has back to his lair returned,

*The Rhine is moaning and sobbing beneath*  
And for miles around not a hamlet stands  
Which bears not the mark of the robber's hands  
In its shattered houses and wasted lands  
And castles pillaged and burned.

As he sits in state, all in mail arrayed,

*The Rhine is moaning and sobbing beneath*  
There is ever a ghost that haunts his mind,  
No rest can his troubled senses find,  
For he hears in each sighing gust of wind  
The moan of a slaughtered maid.

Though his henchmen clamor within the hall,

*The Rhine is moaning and sobbing beneath*  
There's but one sound now that can reach his  
ear,

And Roprecht's stout heart is o'ercome with  
fear,

For he hears the Rhine-maidens singing clear,  
And the water-kelpie call.

And louder and louder the Undines wail,

*The Rhine is moaning and sobbing beneath*  
And the wind and the flood together moan,  
But for him it is only the dead bride's groan,  
For the hand that slew her was Roprecht's  
own,  
And her vengeance cannot fail.

To his chamber drear does the robber hie,

*The Rhine is moaning and sobbing beneath*  
To the casement he strides,—and there below,  
Where the mighty river in wrath did flow,

Grinned the horrid corpse of his fiercest foe,  
Whom he slew in days gone by.

The Rhine-maidens bore it upon their breasts,

*The Rhine is moaning and sobbing beneath*  
And their song on the north wind's wings  
arose ;

While the storm now fiercer and fiercer grows,  
And the tempest shriller and shriller blows,  
And the Rhine-waves toss their crests.

But lo! shining clear 'mid the lightning's play,

*The Rhine is moaning and sobbing beneath*  
Stood the spirit of Roprecht's murdered bride,  
With her left hand pressed o'er her wounded  
side;

And Roprecht aloud upon Heaven cried,  
And fain would he flee away.

But nearer and nearer the spirit glides,

*The Rhine is moaning and sobbing beneath*  
And his cries are lost in the Erlking's scream,  
And there far below in the mighty stream,  
The death's head still grins in the moon's pale  
beam,  
The kelpie his coming bides.

But silent and fatal the ghost draws nigh,

*The Rhine is moaning and sobbing beneath*  
And the Undines outstretch their waiting hands ;  
But a moment appalled bold Roprecht stands,  
Then downward he leaps 'mid the elfin bands;  
And the tempest passes by.

H. A. B.

# L O S T   I N   A   M A R S H

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**H**AVE you ever been in a marsh? I have, and I can assure you that you are fortunate if you have not. But I am not going to tell you my experience in one. I told it to my friend White, one day. I thought that my story was very amusing and interesting; consequently, I naturally expected some signs of interest on White's part. But he remained perfectly calm throughout the whole relation, did not even smile, and, on the whole, looked bored. What could he mean by this strange behavior, and by that vacant look of his, as if he were thinking of something far away?

"Well, what do you think of it?" I asked impatiently.

"So you really consider that you were in a tight place in that little bog, do you?"

"Yes, I do," I replied, "Were you ever in a worse place?" I felt very much piqued at this contempt for the many moments of breathless suspense which I had just described, and through which I was living again in my own imagination.

"To tell you the truth I was," White answered, "I also have been in a marsh. But, whereas you were in one in the day time and with friends, I was in one, no one knows how many times as large as the bog you have described, all night, and alone."

At this, I began to feel interested; I was anxious to see if his wonderful adventure really did eclipse mine. I, therefore, asked him to tell me all about it. So, without preliminary, White began:

"During one of my accustomed sun-down strolls I became very abstracted, and did not notice where I was going, I was awakened to the fact that I had walked a much greater distance than I had intended to, by feeling one leg sink into the earth, almost causing me to

stumble. I was forced to stop and extricate myself, and, also, to interrupt the train of my thoughts and look about me. It was long after sunset, and I could only see a hundred yards in front of me; beyond that, everything was obscured by the dense, white mist which rises over the lakes and marshes as soon as the sun sets. The ground was made up of little hummocks of wet, green moss, which sank at every step. Here and there were large holes, extending for all I know, to the realms of Pluto.

"My first feelings, on realizing where I was, were chiefly those of surprise and amusement. I laughed. 'Truly,' I said to myself 'White, you are a fool to walk into a place like this!' However, I thought the road was only a little way off, so I carefully considered in which direction I ought to go, and ran back. After running about ten minutes, and, finding myself in a spot very similar to the one from which I had started, I stopped. I was getting tired. It is very fatiguing even to walk on ground of this sort, where every step is not only a forward one, but also a downward one.

"I was becoming alarmed, and experienced for the first time, the lost feeling which comes from the sense of deprivation of all human companionship and reliance on self alone, which, I believe, is the worst possible. I felt my heart beat loudly. I shouted. The echo of my own voice was the only sound that broke the death-like stillness around me.

"I now made up my mind that I was lost, and, if I wished to get home before night, that I must find the way out of the place. I therefore started to walk again. It was impossible to determine whether I was going in a straight line or not as there were very few trees to guide myself by, and these, because of the darkness and the mist, were invisible until I got close up to them. Fortunately, the moon rose



and I could pick my way and avoid falling into holes. I do not know how long I walked. It certainly must have been many hours. At last, I became so tired with walking in marshy ground and with fairly tearing myself through the alders, as tall as I was, which I sometimes encountered, that I finally stopped, resolved to wait until morning, when I would begin once more.

"Can you imagine my state of mind and body! Exhausted, wet through, with that God-forsaken feeling of loneliness, fear of being permanently lost in these trackless woods, full of thoughts as to the anxiety of my parents? And how I longed for a bed to lie in! When one is in the woods he may throw himself down on the ground, under a big, protecting tree and sleep; but here! in this marsh, how lie down on the wet, cold moss, go to sleep in the midst of this chilling mist? But I had either to sit down or fall down through exhaustion. So I went in search of a patch of alder bushes. Luckily, I found a cluster near by. There was a stump amongst them near a bush. On this I sat down, leaning against the branches. It was not very comfortable; nevertheless, I decided to spend the night on it, like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza after Gines de Passamonte had deprived them of their steeds.

"I do not believe a throne was ever more acceptable than that old, rotten stump. Yet, in spite of my weariness, I did not go to sleep immediately. I listened to an orchestra of frogs, practising, in a neighboring pool, some symphony in a minor key. The mosquitoes, too, had a concert of their own, for the enjoyment of which I had to pay with my blood and comfort. Then, also, a whippoorwill, a bird 'Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,' perched in a limb near by and sang his ever monotonous, dolorous notes. Perhaps you have heard this bird. He alone who has can sympathize with me. Were not these sounds bad enough? Indeed, but there were

those innumerable, imaginary sounds, sounds compared to which the frogs, insects, birds, were as nothing. And the moonlight! What appalling shapes and shadows can you not see by its light! Surely, Diana is cruel when one is alone.

"How long I lay awake thus, with ears taking in every sound, and with eyes wearied by constant straining, I cannot say. To me the minutes seemed hours, and the hours, days. Do you think I was foolish and cowardly in all this? If so, lose yourself in the woods, all alone, ignorant as to whether you will ever see a human face again, then judge. As for me, I admit I shivered and quaked like a leaf in Autumn.

"Finally, I fell asleep, from pure exhaustion, I guess. When I awoke I was so stiff and numb that I could scarcely move. But with what joy I beheld the sunlight! With a great effort I got up, shook myself, and gazed around. Yes, there was the marsh, here the alders, and, wonderful to tell, the road, the very road home! Joyous? I was wild. I shouted, I laughed, perhaps I cried. If I had only walked a little farther in the right direction I should have found my way home."

Here White paused, out of breath.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Isn't that enough?" he answered.

D. H. P.



We owe Davison, '02, an apology for the error in the printing of his name last month in the list of honor-winners, in which he appeared as Dawson. We hasten to state that Dawson is a wholly fictitious person, and that it was Davison who was so successful as to receive three honors in his preliminary examinations.

Richey has been selected as chairman of the photo committee, Reardon of the pin, Davison of the dance, and Bellows of the class-day committee.

## PHILIPPO THE COWARD

ABOUT the first of the seventeenth century, that is to say while Venice was yet Queen of the Adriatic, and was at loggerheads with Pope and Church, there lived two young Venetian painters. How these two ever came to be friends is as yet an unsolved riddle, for Dolfo was a typical bravo of the day, at least to judge from outward appearances, while Filippo was the most quiet fellow imaginable. Certain it is, however, that Filippo and Dolfo had been the firmest of friends up to the day on which this story begins for two months past, during which time they had shared the same studio, studied, whenever they did study, under the same masters, and generally comported themselves like a seventeenth century edition of Siamese twins. Only once had they ever quarreled, when Dolfo, in a fit of rage, had destroyed a pet canvas of Filippo's, and then had offered to fight him on the spot. Filippo's flat refusal of this challenge had awakened considerable surprise in Dolfo, who knew the other to be an excellent swordsman with the foils, and he had charged Filippo never, as he wished his honor to be safe, to shun a duel, advice which the recipient invariably disobeyed, and sometimes so markedly that some of Dolfo's intimates remarked that Filippo, like Bob Acres, "was little better than a coward." However, as the public utterance of this sentiment was sure to call down Dolfo's resentment on the unfortunate speaker, little enough was said on that head,

"You will see," Dolfo would say, "the little fellow is brave enough. Just get him at swords' point and see if he breaks away an inch. I'll answer for his courage. He has some queer notions about not fighting when he thinks it isn't worth while, only—I can't see what he does consider worth while," he would unwillingly have to admit.

But the two lived on thus in perfect harmony for a month after the quarrel which had given Dolfo so much light on his companion's aversion to fighting. But one day the inevitable crash came. Filippo had been expressing his opinion of promiscuous duelling pretty freely to Dolfo, and that worthy, in despair of ever imbuing his protegee with the proper sentiments on this point, had dragged him to a tavern for breakfast, where they soon made peace, and were chatting over some cheese and melons when a certain young rake, well known to Dolfo, swaggered in, much the worse for drink. He nodded carelessly to Dolfo, strode over to the table where the two painters were seated, and proceeded to see how near its edge he could sit without upsetting it. Such an attempt, made by a man whose brain was befogged by any number of glasses of Brindisi, was sure to end in disaster, as it did, and table, melons, cheese and all crashed over on top of the newcomer. He arose from amid the ruins in a towering passion, and proceeded to curse Dolfo for upsetting him. Dolfo, knowing the man too well to be in the slightest disturbed, only laughed, which enraged the other so much that he hurled his glove at him. But his hand was most unsteady, and the glove struck Filippo instead of the intended mark. The boy, naturally objecting to such treatment, tried to leave the room, but the drunken cavalier, considering this an insult, took Filippo by the collar and swung him about by main force into a chair. Filippo rose angrily and once more attempted to effect an exit, but this time he was confronted, not by his antagonist's fist alone, but his drawn rapier.

"Let me go, signor," said Filippo, sharply.

"Go—if you can," said the other thickly.

There was nothing for it but to draw. Filippo's sword was out, and he stood on

guard, a queer sensation running through him, a sickening feeling, — “suppose I should kill him now, what use would it be?” — and the end of it was that, barely had the blades clashed, when he dropped his weapon, sprang back to avoid the vicious thrust aimed at him, and had it not been for Dolfo’s ready sword, which easily disarmed the half-drunk cavalier, there might have been no more story to tell. Filippo’s face was crimson. He felt that he had not been actually afraid, and yet — and as he stood there, with Dolfo glaring at him, he began to wonder, “Am I really a coward?” And as he stood hesitating as to what he should do, Dolfo, his eyes flashing with scorn and rage, strode over to Filippo and struck him with his clenched fist once, twice, three times. Filippo turned; the door was open, and he darted through it, Dolfo’s last words, “You coward!” ringing in his ears. Hard by the tavern was a *traghetto*, where lay some dozen gondolas, waiting for passengers. Filippo sprang into one of these, and directed the gondolier to row seaward. The breeze from the lagoon cooled his heated forehead, and he began to seriously consider the rights and wrongs of his course of action.

“Coward,” he said to himself slowly, “coward. No, he is wrong. I could do something, now, that would show him. Why should I fight that drunken creature in the tavern? What good would it do to kill him? And yet Dolfo and the others fight; why not I? No, they are wrong there too, all of them. I can fight when there is need. Can I? Have I ever done it? Oh! they are right, I am afraid.” But here his gloomy reflections were interrupted by the voice of his gondolier.

“Whither now, signor”?

In fact, they had passed the *riva* long ago, were already rounding the *Salute*, and were floating on the waters of the great lagoon, sparkling in the sunlight. Behind them the *Campanile* rose, tall and graceful, against the

northern sky, and the domes of *San Marco* glittered like burnished gold. Filippo bade the gondolier to steer southward, keeping close to the shore, for there was a certain cove which he knew well not far off, and there he was sure of uninterrupted quiet, at least for a time. He had been rowing thus for nearly an hour, and was almost at his destination, when he was startled by a great cry of “*Uscocchi!*” He knew only too well the import of that cry, that the dreaded pirates of the Adriatic were at hand, and, in fact, on rounding the point which separated him from his cove, he perceived a large ship resting motionless on the lagoon, the rowers dragging their oars in the water. Nearer shore was a large fishing boat, evidently aground. It had put in there to get into water too shallow for the galley, and was apparently successful, for it was grounded in perhaps six or seven feet of water, while the pirate ship needed at least eleven to keep her afloat. The news of the pirate’s coming had spread like wildfire, and already two galleys were putting out from Venice. All at once a long boat appeared from under the pirate’s stern and came swiftly towards the fishing craft, whose occupants, six men and two women, seeing the oncoming danger, made frantic efforts to get ashore. Filippo saw that his gondola could easily take them ashore, being of extremely light draught, and a word to the gondolier sent it flying towards the doomed craft. He had the current, dead against the pirates, with him, and reached the clumsy fisherman some three minutes before the others. Like a flash he sprang on the stern of the larger boat, crowded five of its eight occupants into the gondola, pushed it off, and, drawing his sword, took his stand in the bow. He did not recognize himself. There was a strange fever in his blood, as he saw the long boat draw nearer and nearer. He looked back; the Venetian galleys were coming swiftly; he could see the tremendously fast stroke of the

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oars as they rowed out towards him. Then there was a thud as the long-boat struck the bow of its prey, and Philipppo lunged at the man nearest him. A mad sense of triumph came over him as the wounded man flung up his hands and pitched into the water. Then the pirates sprang on to the bow, three of them, and he engaged with them. Not for nothing had he practised with the foils day after day for the past month, and he held his ground.

For a moment there was a breathing space, and he looked over his shoulder at the three remaining occupants of his boat, whose lives depended on his sword. He also saw that the Venetians had launched their boats, and were coming to the rescue. Then the pirates closed round him again, and he set his back against the mast, and fought like a wild-cat at bay. Then there came another thud, a sound of feet behind him, and he was surrounded by the Venetians, who had come up just in time to

save the fishermen. To save the fishermen, yes, but too late by a minute to save him through whose courage the lives of the fishermen had been preserved, for just as the rescue party boarded the fishing boat, one of the pirates drove his weapon deep into Philipppo's side, and the young artist sank into the arms of his friends. Dolfo, who had been the first man to come to help him, bent over him tenderly.

"Philipppo, Philipppo!" he cried.

"Dolfo," murmured the other faintly. Then, after a pause, "You see I wasn't — quite — a coward."

"Oh, Philipppo! forgive me," said Dolfo, his voice choked with sobs.

Philipppo tried to speak, but his voice failed him, and he could only smile feebly in response to Dolfo's appeal. Then, by a tremendous effort, he raised himself a little, murmured something in Dolfo's ear, and sank back — dead.

H. A. B.

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The scholarships offered by the Boston Latin School Association to the members of the class of 1901, recently graduated, have been awarded to Harry Sheffer and Clifford H. Frost. These awards are made by officers of the association, who are the trustees of the scholarship fund, "to those who shall be deemed the most promising on the whole, intellectually, morally and physically."

Harry Sheffer came to this country but eight years ago, and at that time knew not a word of English. He learned the language rapidly, however. At the Latin School he was allowed to complete the four years' course in three years. Besides receiving the Latin School scholarship, he was awarded a Franklin medal for general ex-

cellence in his studies and a gold medal for writing an original Latin essay. He also received prizes during his course for excellence in the classics and in modern studies as well. He has been awarded a scholarship of \$200.00 by the authorities at Harvard, where he is now a freshman.

Clifford H. Frost is eighteen years old, and took the full six years' course at the Latin School. He received a Franklin medal and prizes for excellence as a student. He is now in the freshman class at Harvard, and is taking a course in the classics, in mathematics and in history.

*Alios per herbam vescentis conspicit.*

He sees other men feeding on grass.



# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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IT is always a rash plan to disturb old customs, and a precedent is a thing to be respected, but perhaps a time may come when adherence to the accepted custom becomes rather blind than advantageous ; and therefore no custom, however well established, should be followed simply because it is a custom. This state of things, we believe, exists in one phase of our school celebrations. We refer to the combination of exercises commemorative of George Washington with the regular class-day exercises on February 21. This has been done for years, and we are aware that we are disturbing an old and rooted observance, but is it not time for it to be disturbed ? Let us consider the question in its various lights. In the first place, what connection is there between Washington and the graduating class of the Latin School ? To misquote Shakespeare :

“ What’s Washington to it, or it to Washington ? ”

The combination of Washington’s farewell address and the class song is surely rather ludicrous than dignified, as befits such an exercise in the memory of a great man. We cannot say it too positively,—the two elements can never combine successfully. Next let us consider the question of time. On the 21st of February nothing is allowed its proper time.

Washington’s farewell address is cut to make room for a class song, and the class oration is hampered by forced allusions to Washington which take up half the space allowed the unlucky speaker. In short, no one is comfortable, and the exercises are neither such as befit George Washington or a self-respecting senior class. One more point : February is too early in the year for class day. We grant it should not be held in June, when the senior class is preparing for its examinations, but some time in May is surely more appropriate than the middle of the year. The advantages of our plan will be these : First, it gives free scope to the exercises for Washington’s Birthday ; secondly, it does not confuse two entirely different elements : thirdly, it brings class day into a more appropriate season, and lastly, it enables the teachers and class representatives to work without hampering each other. The exercises in February can, and, from their nature, should be entirely and absolutely under the control of the teachers, who could appoint their speakers without reference to the wishes of any other body, and class day, being entirely a class affair, would pass under the control of the first class or their delegates.

It is with great regret that we have to announce that Dr. Haynes has left us to accept a position in the Dorchester High School. Dr. Haynes has been a teacher in the Latin School for three years, during which time he has been the mainstay of debating in the school. He has always been a great student, especially in scientific and government branches; and his really remarkable knowledge of civil government and paliametary law was generously placed at the service of the debating societies of the school. His loss will be keenly felt throughout the school, and by none more than by those whom he so materially aided in their work in debating.

At length, after a delay of two weeks, drill has started for the year. That there is always an opposition to drill, both within and outside of the school is, and always has been, manifest, and, perhaps, inevitable. This opposition takes various forms. Sometimes the objectors to military drill in the Latin School declare that the time taken for drilling purposes could be spent far better in the recitation rooms, and that it is impossible to drill without detriment to our scholarship. Again, adopting a Puritanical mode of speech, they claim that military drill fosters a warlike spirit among boys, which render them eager for fighting and military glory. Yet again, they declare that drill is a great expense, both to the powers that be and to the boys themselves; that the providing of halls for prize drills and bands for field-day, not to speak of uniforms and drill-jackets, is a piece of most unnecessary extravagance. The last, and, to our thinking, the most reasonable claim made against drill is that in many cases it is detrimental to health. Having thus summed up the chief objections to military drill in the Latin School, we will endeavor to answer them in turn.

First, as to the matter of time. The drill occupies but two hours, properly speaking but

an hour and a half, a week. This time is taken from that of six periods, three on Tuesday, three on Friday. Of these six, two are study periods throughout the school, each of which loses fifteen minutes, while the rest of the time allotted to drill is subtracted from that of the last two recitations on drill days, fifteen minutes from each. Thus no one study can lose more than half an hour a week, and very few lose more than half that time, — surely not a serious deprivation. Besides, to judge by the records of our boys in college examinations, it does not seem as if drill dangerously impaired the scholarship of the *Latin School*. Now to the second point, that drill renders boys eager for war. We do not hesitate say that this is not true; that there is not a boy in our battalions who has been rendered one whit more inclined to war by drill in this school. The only way to ascertain this fact is by an intimate knowledge of the boys, and we think we can safely say that in our connection with the school we have not known a single case of a boy who began drill with a peaceful mind, and ended it with a desire for bloodshed. Then as to the question of expense. A large part of this is borne by the boys themselves, and that they are willing to do it is shown by the result of the vote recently taken in the school relative to the continuance of the drill. And most certainly the city ought to be willing to pay its share of the expense, when it reflects that it is the only city that each year presents on parade three regiments, or 1500 men, all from its secondary schools. Lastly, let us consider the matter of health as affected by drill. For the average boy, the exercise is certainly not too hard, and if there are any, and there invariably are some, who really are not physically strong enough to endure the fatigue, a doctor's certificate to that effect will always enable them to withdraw from the battalions. No boy is compelled to drill if he is physically weak, and the effect of the military training on the others is

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# Latin School Register II

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all for good, giving an erectness of carriage which no other physical training can boast of.

In closing, let us speak of those features of military drill to which no one can take exception. First there is the feeling of comradeship and good fellowship resulting from drill. It unites us of the *Latin School* into a closer and more compact body, and it knits the whole system of Boston schools together in a way that

nothing else can do. Second is the self-reliance and decision it gives to the officers, a sense of responsibility that acts wholly for good, and which can come from drilling alone. Let us, therefore, hope that the battalions of the *Boston Latin School* may continue to have a long and prosperous life under their present excellent instructor, and that Boston may long be proud of the Boston School Cadets.

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## N O T E S

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THE first steps have been taken towards the establishing of an "Editors' Club," to include the editors-in-chief and business managers of the school papers of Boston and the vicinity. The credit for the starting of this association belongs in great measure to Mr. J. H. Breck, editor of the Brighton High School "*Imp.*" That this society will be a most advantageous thing for the members and their papers we are certain, and we trust that the membership will be as large as the excellent aim of the club deserves.

All members of the class of 1902 who wish to compete for the privilege of writing the words of the class song should hand in their poetical inspirations on or before November 27 to Bellows, chairman of the class-day committee. Let us hope that there will be a large number of candidates for the honor.

There will be no class prophecy this year.

I. J. Banash, B. L. S. '02, has gone to the Institute of Technology.

The tenth annual dinner of B. L. S. '91, was held at Squantum Inn, Saturday, September 21. There were eighteen members present, T. J. Hapgood presiding. To the toasts, "Ye Public Latin School," "With

Aeneas in Hades," "English as she is spoke," "Irregular Greek Verbs," "Cudjos' Cave," and "Experiments in Physics," the following responded, F. S. Snow, L. W. Woolsten, S. N. Kent, R. P. Clarkson, C. D. Peiper, G. L. Gavin. It was unanimously voted that, while Latin School is the oldest and best in America, the most terrible moments in our lives are when we dream that we are back at the old school with lessons unprepared and when Christmas Cards, bearing the words "Public Censure," are being distributed to the members of '91.

Entries for the second annual checker tournament may be handed in to Myers, Room 17, on or before November 8. Contestants when entering will kindly specify whether they prefer to have the tournament played off as it was last year or as this year's chess tournament was played.

*Ferruginea cymba corpora transvectat.*

He ferries over the bodies in a rusty cymbal.

Pony:—A beast of burden used by the student when travelling in unexplored land.  
—Ex.

"*Au bord du golf.*"

"On the golf-links."

# A B O R R O W E D T I T L E

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LATE on a certain far away October afternoon one might have seen a travel-worn group of horsemen plodding in silence along one of the dusty roads of the country-side without Pomeroy, in His Majesty's rebellious colony of Pennsylvania. Long since they had given up any pretence of speed and the dry rustling of the leaves under their horses' feet, as they passed through a wooded stretch, or the measured stamp of the hoofs as they crossed some rude bridge spanning a lazy, leaf-choked brook, were the only sounds which broke the silence of their journey.

In better days, the country through which they rode might have been termed rich ; but even in this quiet region the hand of war could be traced in the apple-strewn orchards and in the emptiness of such rare farm-houses as they passed.

The horsemen were all dressed in civilian's attire, rather frayed and worn, too, a rather strange sight in those martial days of the struggle which made us a nation. But the first impression that these were but peaceful stay-at-home citizens might speedily have been dispelled if one could but have noted the deference, none the less marked, though somewhat familiar, which they all paid to a rather handsome young fellow who rode in their midst.

At length, after arriving at a forking of the roads, where a dilapidated sign-board advised the wayfarer to plunge beneath the sod as the nearest road to Pomeroy and Northbrook, one of those in advance, reining up, after a hasty glance at this impartial director, turned and addressed the young leader mentioned above.

"Perhaps, captain, that prying tell-tale had a deeper design than we guess when he sent us on this mad Tory-chase over these vile roads. Here we are at the end of the sixteenth mile, and no sign of a Tory manor yet.

"Peter lad, let not your weary back wear out your courage too. This is no idle jaunt, but the chance of a life-time. But a few more hills like that last, and we are in that old fox

Dalzel's larder, and he a hobbling slave to gout, too. But perhaps you heard nothing of the powder and guns and a heavier piece or two, besides which that informing rascal told our general about, and which will, please God, meet our own needs, just at present, much better than any use His Gracious Majesty, George, might make of them. Yes, and this Tory will be sure to have a fat larder, boy, and I fancy a ham or two, or a few chicken pies would meet a better destination in a patriot's mouth than in any accursed Tory's in the land."

Cheered by the latter hope of reward more than by any fleeting vision of sterner fame, the little band pressed on at a somewhat increased pace ; and, sure enough, the ridge of the third hill revealed to them a comfortable, hospitable looking mansion, with well-kept grounds, and clustering out-buildings from whose chimneys floated pleasant wreaths of suggestive smoke.

Half way down their rather sudden descent they were met by a man, who, from his deferential manner, as well as his dress, proclaimed himself a servant, presumably at the mansion before them.

"Am I to presume that this peaceful dress has been chosen by Colonel Dalzel's expected guest to-night ?" he commenced, singling out, as if by intuition, the leader of the company.

The face of our friend, Captain Nathan Templeton, of the Rhode Island Division of the Continental Army, assumed a bewildered expression upon being thus addressed ; but as if by a sudden enlightenment within, it cleared quickly, and he made answer :—

"Aye, my man .To your words I answer, yes, let your meaning be what it will ; for this night I shall most certainly be a guest at your master's house."

"A fortunate hour is this if, as you seem to say, you are indeed Lord Strathecote from His Majesty's army. For three long hours have my master and his assembled guests awaited your arrival, and by this time they are ready to



return to their homes in disappointment ; but if you tarry here a moment, I will hasten to inform your host that his guest is at hand ;” and with this he was off down the hill again.

When he was well gone, Captain Templeton turned in his saddle.

“ My friends,” he cried, “ our work is half done ! Behold before you, Lord Strathecote of what’s-its-name manor in old England, honored guest of Colonel Dalzel ! Did you not see how his lordship is a stranger to these parts. Do you, Peter and Moulton here, stay out for a time by the road, ready to seize any noble-looking arrival, if he come alone, or to warn your friends in Dalzel’s dining-hall if more are with him. ’Tis a rash venture, with a smack of of deceit in it, too ; yet we must deal with these rogues in their own coin ; so farewell.”

Hereupon, he started off with a more erect and dignified bearing, and was soon at the portals of Dalzel Manor.

Within, in the great hall was assembled a brilliant company, fair dames, powdered and painted, gallant gentleman, laced and bewigged, all loyal adherents to the “ old mother country,” the guests of Colonel Dalzel and his haughty French wife.

The purpose of the assembling of this gay company was the prospect of meeting a real lord, for Lord Strathecote, a kinsman of the colonel, coming to America to join the army of his king, had despatched a letter to Dalzel promising him a visit. Colonel Dalzel had never met his titled relative, nor had any of his guests of that day ; so they all looked forward with curiosity to the meeting.

Witness then the murmur of astonishment, when, instead of a gorgeously pompous personage there entered a ridiculously young man with pleasant, but far from imposing aspect, very simply clad in brown homespun.

No soon had he entered the hall than, catching sight of the bewildered host, he turned towards him with a confident step.

“ Ah, my good Dalzel, I shall take the liberty of introducing myself as your guest, whom you are to shelter under your hospitable roof. My only excuse for this strange attire, is the way this country is infested with that ragged mob of provincials. I took the liberty, also, of bringing a small attendance, too, for better, I say, a safe arrival with a whole skin than a prisoner in the rebel camp.”

Colonel Dalzel smiled, frowned, extended his hand, drew it back again and, at last spoke in a forced but steady voice :

“ If I have the honor to address my greatly respected friend, Lord Strathecote, the best of Dalzel Manor is at his disposal, and Madame, here, as well as all my guests, will echo my greetings, but . . . I . . . rather expected . . .,” and he took refuge in a great pinch of snuff.

The colonel’s guest seemed much aggrieved at the discomposure of the company, and, after a short, awkward silence, broke out impetuously, “ ’Tis all the work of those rebel ragged-coats ! In these troublous times a man must needs become a rag-bag himself, when he wishes to visit his friends, and thus make them think they’ve received a highway robber or some such wretched scoundrel under their roof. Yet, colonel, should you wish me to withdraw — ”

But here the old colonel interrupted him with a preemptory wave of his hand, and a friendly hand-clasp.

“ Colonel Dalzel welcomes his friend and kinsman to his humble manor and places its whole domain at his feet.”

Then, with the colonel and his proud wife on either side of him, the whole company went through the usual formality of passing before this august group, with many a stately bow and sweeping curtsey.

Formalities happily over, the more pleasing functions of the occasion were introduced.

It was astonishing what a noble earl young Templeton of Rhode Island made. The most

embarrassing questions as to an English lord's life, and even several references to incidents of which he had not the least comprehension were most skillfully handled.

In fact, so extremely friendly did the old colonel become with his frank, courteous guest that, at length, when all were seated at the spacious banqueting-board and were taking a dignified, preliminary stare at the grandeur of their host's hospitality, he confided to him that he expected a field-piece or two to arrive in a load of hay before many days, but that, as yet, he had none of this martial array around, except a case of two of ammunition in the garret, in a piece of furniture, outwardly a cabinet.

The assembled guests were duly impressed with his lordship's ease of manner and courteous bearing and were disappointed only in the unfortunate frustration of their hopes of appearing next in public in an exact copy of his attire. As it was, they consoled themselves by vigorous rivalry in imitating his mode of holding his knife, spoon, etc.

Indeed, the distinguished visitor's ease was disturbed but once; and that was when one of his faithful "retainers" slipped into the room, and whispered a few words into his lordly ears, on hearing which he was observed by every eye to start sharply, but grow calm at once and dismiss his attendant with a magnificent wave of his hand; but of all those present none had eyes quite sharp enough to note the peculiar pressure which the great man gave his servant's hand, or the faintest suggestion of a wink which accompanied the lordly gesture. "When I send one of the servants here for something out of my great-coat pocket it will be time," were the last words which he imparted to his trusty attendant.

Meanwhile the merriment increased, as far as there can be merriment half-smothered in powder and ruffles. Tales of thrilling and romantic adventures were forthcoming on every

hand. It was with some compunction and no little alarm that Captain Templeton found himself reciting at length tales of his own experiences in the present war, as belonging to the great continental wars; and several times he came very near committing himself on some point of lineage, yet he seemed to be attended by a veritable angel of good luck during the whole evening, so that each new escape seemed to render him all the more confident at the next encounter. Instead of avoiding conversation, his tongue was the readiest around that board, until he became quite hoarse out of pure weariness of voice. But what mattered that? And, besides, he had a little bottle of a most potent preparation of waters in his great-coat pocket which would, he was sure, be of instant relief in this case, as it was for very many of the ills of human kind, if Colonel Dalzel would kindly despatch someone after it.

The titled visitor's flow of speech did not continue a great while longer undisturbed for the company was suddenly electrified by the entrance of a group of stalwart young fellows bearing between them a squirming something which finally resolved itself into a meager, wiry little chap, clad in what once might have been a uniform, but which was now, to say the very least, of a rather indefinite character. This unfortunate victim of somebody's strange malice seemed utterly exhausted and could do nothing when his guards released him but feebly raise one thin finger and point it at Dalzel in silence.

The eyes of those in the room were so attracted by this marvellous invasion of their merry-making that it was some little time before they noticed that the guest of the evening had risen from his chair, and, advancing towards the wretched stranger, was beckoning with his hand for an opportunity to speak.

"Fair and noble friends," he commenced, in clear tones, but with a suspicious ring in them, which drew the eyes of every person

present upon him, "I desire to thank every one of you in general, and my worthy host and hostess in particular, for the many kind attentions bestowed upon me during my brief sojourn at this charming manor. Let me beg you, Colonel and Madame," with a superb bow, "to accept as a partial atonement for what displeasure my confession of my wrong-doing, while your guest, may cause you, the assurance that I shall forego my original intentions in thus descending upon your fair domains. But I must not prolong your suspense. Permit me, sir, Captain Templeton, of the Continental Army, to whose prosperity and ultimate victory may every wind that blows be favorable, to introduce to you Lord Strathecote, of Westmere park. And now, in conclusion, let me furthermore assure you that I shall carry back the report to my general that Colonel Dalzel entertains a poor Yankee captain with all the gracious attentions he would bestow upon a British lord. And now good-night."

And, before a person could bring himself to stir a foot, he had bowed himself out into the midst of his followers, and soon after the sound of retreating hoof beats in the still night air told that the curtain had fallen upon one more of the little comic interludes in the great tragedy of war.

H. H. H.



*Tous dévoués à sa personne.*  
All devoured in his person.

Drill has at last begun, and seven companies have been formed, but the officers have as yet not been appointed. At present Fitzpatrick, Flanagan, Bonelli, Dyer, Bellows, Hicks, and Richey are commanding the companies in that order, from A to G, and the lieutenants are last year's sergeants, irrespective of the class. However, a new roster will have to be formed as there are sixteen members of the mighty first class at present drilling in the ranks. Be it understood, we speak of the state of affairs at the time of going to press, not at the time of the appearance of this number. These sixteen naturally wish for commissions, and it will be very difficult to reconcile the interests of the first class with those of last year's non-commissioned officers, who are certainly entitled to some consideration.

## TENNIS.

The 1901 tournament bids fair to be the most successful ever held in the school. At the time of going to press only the singles have been played off, and Niles is at present the champion tennis player of the school. The doubles will probably have been finished by the time this reaches the readers of *THE REGISTER*, and the complete record of the singles and doubles will be published next month.

*Frequentes venere.*

They came in bunches.

*Pietas pueros ornat.*

Good boys are ornaments.



# A T H L E T I C S

---

GROTON, 5 — B. L. S., 0.

ON Saturday, September 28, the Latin School played its first foot-ball game of the season with Groton. It is certainly no disgrace to our team to say that it was defeated, for the score, 5 to 0, was the lowest ever made by Groton over B. L. S. Both teams played good foot-ball, for the first game of the season. Groton kicked off at 3.35 o'clock to Hanley, who fumbled, and a Groton man fell on the ball. After five minutes of play, Nichols went through tackle for a touch-down. Hoyt failed to kick the goal. For the rest of the half the ball changed hands two or three times without either team scoring. In the second half, some changes having been made in the lineup, no scoring was done, though Groton got the ball on our 2-yard line, where B. L. S. held for downs. Time was called with the ball on our 5-yard line. For Groton, Hoyt, Nichols and Kelley played the best game. while Freedman, Witherbee and Sullivan put up a good game for B. L. S. It only remains to speak of the uniformly courteous treatment the team received, and of the care with which everything that might add to the comfort of our players was provided. The teams lined up as follows : —

GROTON.	B. L. S.
r. e., Sargent, (Hoyt) . .	Freedman, l. e.
r. t., Waterbury, (Blagden)	O'Donnell, l. t.
r. g., Hoppin . .	Roche, (Edwards), l. g.
c., L. Starr . . . . .	Littlefield, c.
l. g., Hooper, (Davis)	Witherbee, (capt.) r. g.
l. t., Crocker . . . . .	Mohan, r. t.
l. e., Greenough	Mahoney, (McCusker), r. e.
q. b., D. Starr .	Shanahan, (Galvin), q. b.
l. h. b., Nichols, (Woolser)	Sullivan, r. h. b.
r. h. b., Kelley .	Simpson, (Somes), l. h. b.
f. b., Hoyt, (capt.), (Corning)	Hanley, f. b.

Score, Groton, 5; B. L. S., 0. Touch-downs, Nichols; umpire, Mr. Peabody; referee, Kiley; timekeeper, Mr. Sturgis; lines-

men, Robeson (G.), Hayward, (B. L. S.); time, 15 and 10-minute halves.

B. L. S., 0; ST. MARK'S, 0.

On October 5, B. L. S. played her second game of the season with St. Mark's, at Southboro, which resulted in a tie, neither team scoring. In the second half St. Mark's claimed to have crossed the line for a touch-down, but it was not allowed. Sullivan did the best work of the day, running 65 yards on a kick-off. The line-up was as follows : —

ST. MARK'S.	B. L. S.
l. e., Spaulding . . . .	Mahoney, r. e.
l. t., Mr. Hutchins . . . .	Mohan, r. t.
l. g., Burnett . . . .	Witherbee (capt.) r. g.
c., Brooks . . . . .	Littlefield, c.
r. g., Moore . . . . .	Edwards l. g.
r. t., Harding . . . . .	O'Donnell, l. t.
r. e., Coleman . . . . .	Freedman, l. e.
q. b., Landon . . . . .	Galvin, q. b.
l. h. b., Willard . . . .	Sullivan, r. h. b.
r. h. b., Orr . . . . .	Somes, l. h. b.
f. b., Mr. King . . . . .	Hanley, f. b.

Score, St. Mark's, 0; B. L. S., 0. Umpire, Mr. Miles; referee, Kiley; linesmen, Bradley and Theriot; time, two 10-minute halves.

The following schedule for our team has been arranged by Littlefield, manager of the foot-ball team. This does not include practice games which will be played occasionally. Championship games are in italics :

September 28, Groton.  
 October 5, St. Mark's.  
 October 12, Natick,  
 October 16, Thayer Academy.  
*October 23, Cambridge Latin.*  
 October 26, Pomfret.  
*November 1, Brookline High.*  
*November 8, Hoppy.*  
*November 15, Newton High.*  
 November 28, English High.



Shanahan, our quarter-back, has broken his collar bone in a practice game, and will probably be unable to play again this season. His loss will seriously cripple the team.

Freedman, '03, is playing a good game at end. Though light, he plays a hard fast game, and is practically sure of his position if he keeps on as he has begun.

Sullivan, last year's end, has been transferred to right half-back, where he is playing a fine game. He has already made some remarkable runs, and ought to be one of the best backs of the league.

Room 17 does not take kindly to seventeenth century French poetry. Witness the following, made by one of its shining lights:—

“Où se peuvent cacher tes saints?  
Les pêcheurs couvrent la terre.”

“Where can your saints hide themselves, for fishermen cover the earth?”

*Largo fletu ora rigabat.*  
A large tear watered his face.

On October 5 our golf team defeated E. H. S. at Franklin Park by a score of 8 to 2.

B. L. S.		E. H. S.	
Westfall	. . . 3	Default	. . . 0
Mansfield	. . . 2	Sibley	. . . 0
Barton	. . . 3	de Coligny	. . . 0
Packard	. . . 0	Glidden	. . . 0
Morrison	. . . 0	Goodwin	. . . 2

B. L. S.	. . . 8	E. H. S.	. . . 2
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On Wednesday, October 9, our golf team met with defeat at the hands of the Andover golf team by a score of 17 to 3.

ANDOVER		B. L. S.	
Simmons	. . . 3	Westfall	. . . 0
Phelps	. . . 0	Mansfield	. . . 3
Dansmith	. . . 5	Barton	. . . 0
Becker	. . . 2	Packard	. . . 0
Gurlir	. . . 7	Morrison	. . . 0

Andover	. . . 17	B. L. S.	. . . 3
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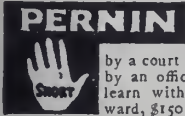
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